

By OLIVER HERFORD.

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IS MAJESTY, the King
of Beasts,
Tired of fuss and formal feasts,
Once resolved that he
would go
On a tour incognito.

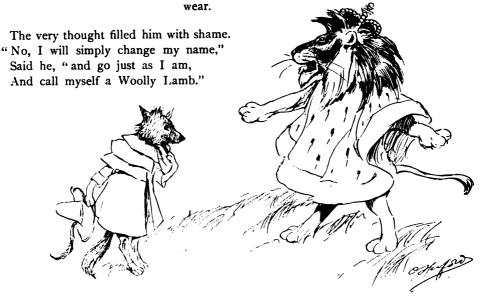
But a suitable disguise
Was not easy to devise;
Kingly natures do not care
Other people's things to

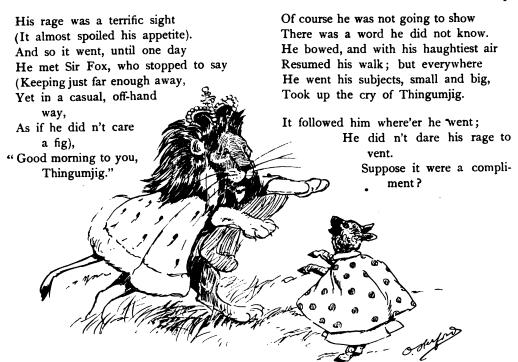
And so he did, and as you 'll guess, He had a measure of success. Disguised in name alone, he yet Took in 'most every one he met.

The first was Mister Wolf, who said "Your Majesty—""Off with his head!"
The angry monarch roared. "I am,
I'd have you know, a Woolly Lamb."

Then Mistress Lamb, who, being near, Had heard, addressed him: "Brother dear—"

"Odds cats!" the lion roared, "my word! Such insolence I never heard!"





Now everybody, small and big, Knows what is meant by Thingumjig; But what is now a household word In those days never had been heard. Sir Fox himself invented it This great emergency to fit.

The King of Beasts, quite unprepared For this reception, simply stared.

His anger then would only show Here was a word he did not know! The only course for him, 't was clear, Was to pretend he did not hear.

And this he did until, at length, Long fasting so impaired his strength He gave his tour up in despair, Mid great rejoicing everywhere.

